# evening Sciorio.

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#### CLEAN UP THE TOWN.

HE EVENING WORLD'S CAMERA tells the story of New York's disgracefully fifthy conditions that serve to breed the enidemic of infantile paralysis.

In densely enowded sections of town, in the very quarters where withe disease is most prevalent, the published photographs show piles of perbage and filth decaying under the blazing sun and rapidly breeding steadly germs.

Even before the doors of tenement houses placarded with warn-Been if infantile paralysis is not produced primarily by filth, yet these shocking conditions propagate the disease and help spread it broadcast. How can the most earnest efforts of doctors and nurses over mepatients already stricken serve to stamp out an epidemic if little or Bothing is done to clear out the underlying causes?

What the town meeds is a cleaning up; not one of your nice, little, scented soap and talcom powder boths, but a ripping, stubbing, scenting, upturning house cleaning and street cleaning; a scenrye of fire and water.

The Department of Health has more arbitrary authority than any other branch of government. If it can regulate the overcrowding of street cars, it can compel the clearing out of tenement sardine boxes in the congested quarters.

If the Street Cleaning Department is inefficient and dilatory the Health Department can commandeer and compel.

If the Mayor finds the weather too hot for diligent attention to duty, the Health Department can proceed without his authority.

If Staten Islanders fight against establishment of a garbage s incinerating plant, the necessity of preserving public health can override any barrier.

#### THE VITAL NEED OF THE HOUR IS TO CLEAN UP THIS TOWN.

City officials, from highest down the line, must take off their pretty white clothes, jump out of their luxurious automobiles, forego trips to the seaside and GET ON THE JOB QUICK.

All the neatly typewritten reports in big words and the fine spun theories of causes and effects and possibilities and probabilities become so many "scraps of paper" in view of The Evening World's graphic photographs of the rotting, filthy, disease-breeding conditions that prevail in the very sections where the epidemic is worst.

The Chief Executive of this town is John Purroy Mitchel, Mayor The responsibility in both the first and the last analysis is up to him.

Are you going to get busy cleaning up the town, Mr. Mayor, or are you going to let things drift along in the routine way under the influence of soothing syrup reports?

Are you going to be content with midsummer short hours, Saturday half-holidays and week-end trips to the country in this time of vital necessity?

No, not this time, Mr. Mayor. This is your busy day.

Must every crisis, every emergency, find New York always in a shameful state of inefficiency and unreadiness? Must we be as unprepared for a war on disease as we were for a war on the Mexican border? Must we wait until the eleventh hour, fifty-ninth minute and fifty-ninth second before we wake up to take proper precautions? Never mind the howls of landlords. Never mind the wailing

complaints of tenants. Never mind the squeak of people whose toes will be stepped on or whose personal liberty will be restricted.

Clean up this town, Mr. Mayor, with vigorous, arbitrary methods population

What chance had Hetty Green to beat the taxgatherers in her will when Jay Gould's estate comes before the courts for adjudication after twenty-three years of undisturbed control by his executors?

#### TERROR ON THE BEACHES.

OBT childhood fables of the sea about the beauteous mer maids, wondrous serpents, galloping horses and old Father Neptune himself have long since been taken away from our in Chicago, she gave employment to imaginations by the cold facts of science, but one monster still re-workingmen by having them build mains—the man-esting shark—more dreadful in reality than in

Numerous learned professors in recent years have spent much time and effort in proving that sharks, particularly those in these northern waters, will not bite human beings. The news of the day of this money had been used to tear from so near by a place as Spring Lake, New Jersey, disproves all that these piscatorial scientists have been trying to demonstrate. A swimmer near shore killed, both his legs bitten off, is a fact that upsets theory.

To the thousands of summer residents along the Jersey shore the appearance of this deadly monster is more alarming than a German submarine. A new terror has suddenly arisen from the ocean, had seen the daisies grow and who wretched old frock coat, put on the new garment. paralyzing the bath house business and depriving swarms of swelter- are always confronted with the sign ing humanity of the delights of a dip in the ocean.

From Coney Island to Atlantic City a summer chill has fallen on the beaches as this scourge of the deep patrols the coast. Sad and the little vacation now and then, scared is the seashore. As with man-eating tigers of India, rewards to see what a very large sky there is he put on the dress coat and the high hat and set forth to the magistrate's will be offered for his capture and great will be the rejoicing of the and regain hope to go on. resorts when this ravenous shark is dragged up dead on the sands.

Columbia University will have 7,000 summer students this year, and most of them are grown up men and women. We are realizing at last that we are never too old to learn.

In the woollen trade it is announced that the price of a pivotal standard grade is to be advanced to \$1.67% a yard next spring, an increase of 35 cents. Things are going up in price fast enough without adding to our troubles by telling us now of next year's boosts.

## Letters From the People

the Editor of The Evening World:

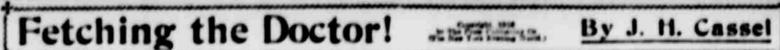
Relative to suggestions to give to now appreciates having one with him. to the Editor of The Evening World: the army boys in Texas, I suggest thermos bottles in the shape of can-

E. B. NEWHERRY.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

As a gift to our soldiers, why not a fountain pen of the safety type? Is it not through our pens that we keep in touch with the world, no matter how many miles away?

EMULY.





#### Passing of the Richest Woman By Sophie Irene Loeb

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URING the week the richest woman passed away. Her declining years were very lonely. Her only son said of her:

"Mother lived a vigorous, energetic there was nothing for her to regret. She was a splendid type of the true Christian woman.

"Mother was misunderstood by the people who knew her only through the columns of newspapers. She had many charities, and gave in amounts ranging from \$100 to \$1,000 and cometimes a great deal more. She never forgot her old friends or employees whose relatives had been in the employ of her family."

He also told how, during a papie true. We must not speak ill of the

Yet this woman left \$150,000,000. She had but two children.

down old tenement houses on the east side, where hundreds of little idea. His frock coat was in rags. children are living with tuberculous germs eating their lives away and with no escape.

I wish that some of this money had been used to secure real playgrounds for little children who never Keep off the grass."

I wish that some of this money had do been used to secure for tired mothers when they might have rest and time

I wish that some of this money "back to the farm," away from the

congested areas. I wish that some of this money might have been used to find ways and means to reduce the high cost of living, so that the pretty but poor working girl would not have to turn over her entire pay envelope to "keep the family."

that some of this money might have been used to give men employment who answered the want ads only to be turned away because of their gray hairs.

employment who answered the want ade only to be turned away because of their gray hairs.

I wish that some of this money might have been used to instruct exhaving one with him.

A SISTER.

The Evening World our soldiers, why not a of the safety type? Is our pens that we keep the world, no matter the will now contest the will now contest the will and who have been wild no world the will now contest the will and who have been wild no world the will now contest the will and who have been wild no world the will now contest the will and who have been wild no world the will now contest the will and who have been wild no world the will now contest the will and who have been wild no world the will now contest the will and who have been wild now or the will and who have been wild now or the will now contest the will and who have been wild now or the will and who have been wild now or the will now contest the will and who have been wild now or the will now contest the will now or the will now or

#### Stories of Stories Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune Convertebe. 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World

KING BILLY OF BALLARAT. By Morley Roberts. E was very big, very black, very worthless. He had been king of an Australian tribe before the discovery of gold had made Ballarat a white man's community.

With the coming of British colonists, King Billy's 4ribe

But King Billy hung on. He even strove to mingle with the white supervision men and to adopt their form of dress. With this idea he used to parade O'Brien, Pele Brown and Cutey Boggs Jarr walked past Izzy Slavinsky, Gus. their parents were heard to speak to the streets of Ballarat clad in an ancient silk hat, a ragged frock coat, and will furnish original songs for the solin nothing else. And he wheedled drinks and sixpences out of the miners. diers to sing while fighting in Mexico mates with his head in the air. Mrs. thing if he stayed at the ball gas

Only one person in all the settlement had a good word for the drunken Only one person in all the settlement had a good word for the drunken is to give the boys stirring ditties that old vagabond. And that was little Annie Colborn, only daughter of the will make them fight more desperlocal magistrate. Annie thought the King was wonderful. She used to ately and cause them to brave death bully and tease and protect and feed him. And he adored the child with willingly and fearlessly. a dog-like devotion.

One day he came to her for consolation. A miner on a spree had put a flat through King Hilly's beloved hat. To assuage the old fellow's tearful grief at the wrecking of this symbol of royal dignity,

A Myster A Annie ran indoors and came back with her father's one and only high hat. This she cheerfully gave to Cleared Up. the King, who received it with crasy delight.

hat, was for sending him to jail for theft. Billy did not dare tell the magistrate how the hat had come into his possession, lest Annie be flayed alive, or sent to prison for life for giving it to him.

But Annie herself solved the problem by telling of the gift. Her father, who spoiled her atrociously, laughed and said it was all right. The magistrate's leniency toward his daughter gave King Billy a new

He went up to the woods and caught a baby possum. This he brought to Annie for a pet. Then he casually mentioned to the grateful child that a new-coat would be acceptable. Again she darted into the house, and reappeared, carrying the first coat of her father's that she had chanced to lay hands on. It was the magistrate's

Hilly took his treasure away to the woods, and there, discarding his

As he surveyed his reflection in a pool, he could not help feeling that his elegant costume lacked something. For one hing, there was no way of buttoning it across the clast. For another, all its talls seemed to be grouped at the back, instead of evenly distributed like those of his ancient frock coat. But King Billy was not the kind of man to despise

home to give thanks in due form, Colborn was entertaining a party of visiting English tourists at dinner

had been used to finance people dur- when the veranda doors flew open and King Billy strode into the dining ing their trying time in getting room. The magistrate had just apologized to his guests for appearing in white flannels, saying his evening coat had unaccountably been mislaid. The sight of King Billy cleared up the mystery. Incidentally it cleared out the dining room. What passed between the magistrate and the king none of the guests ever knew. But next day the despised old frock coat was

once more draping the royal body. And King Billy walked with a painful

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those 

### Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley Copyright, 1916, by The Frem Publishing Co.

E the Leceville poetess with a heart and a soul, has joined the been put in charge of the War Song Department, Under Miss Doolittle's Mosdames

noon. The entire membership of the attired in all his Sunday best and War Helpers Section was invited as hand in hand with his mother.

Sometime passed, attired in all his Sunday best and hand in hand with his mother.

For Willie Jarr was going to see Ditty Committee were gathered about or on the stage.
"Ladies," said the poetess, address-

"Ladics," said the poetess, addressing Mesdames O'Brien. Brown and Bloggs, after Mrs. Skid Wilson had kicked Brannigan's old dog out of the hall because of fleas, "we have an important duty to perform. We are to write songs that will make the soldiers fight more flercely when they "That will be excellent," said Mrs. Elisha Q. Portie, Promptress of the

follows:

Jingie iangle! Hear the soldiess
hispping through the mud;
They greated the mud;
They greated the mud;
They greated the man about the first second man should.
Do not let the enemy asse you,
Love not let them make you rus,
Love all things, keep away from liquer,
You cannot fight, bore, with a ban,
a maiden, roung and gar,
To her sweetheart case did say:

Fight, fight, in bravery and Chase the current by

The appliause that followed the reading of the song was deafening. When it had subsided Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien arose and said:
"On behalf of the Ditty Committee

## The Woman of It. By Helen Rowland.

She Telle the Difference Between the "Price" and the "Cost"

of a Thing. HWEE-EW?" whiched the Bachelor softly as the Widow lifed her chiffen sunstands above a vision of imported lace and panels. "Is that a hall-er a "creation?"

"Neither," returned the Wedow, touching the curving being reverent fingers. We sta a miracle! Do you like it?" "LIKE it?" repeated the Backetor dramatically. "That isn't the work. I'm overcome, fashbergasted, attained, breathiess.

"Then it's worth the price," interrupted the Widow, dimpling delighted as the led the way from the hotel toward the shaded promenade, "Aud that WAS awful)" she added with a sigh.

"No doubt," agreed the Bachelor cymeatly. "Ten deliars for the material and \$10 for the style! And yet people wonder why bachelors tremble at the thought of matrimony. Great Boot! It's not the initial cost of getting married that paralyzes ut: It's the upheep."

"I know!" answered the Widow soothingly. "It's not tying possed! to ONE woman; it's untying yourself from all the others. But you are confusing things. I was taking of 'price' and YOU begin taking of 'material to the price's a vast difference between them, Mr. Weatherby, whether it's in the matter of bats, or layer, or wives. Many a thing is worth. There's a vast difference between them, Mr. Weatherby, whether it's in the matter of hate, or love, or kisses, or wive. Many a thing is worth the price that isn't worth the cost—and vice versa."

"Yea," grouned the Bachelor reminiscently. "For instance, there's the price of an automobile—and the cost of the smash-up. And the price of a wedding—and the cost of the diversa. And the price of a wedding—and the cost of the diversa. And the price of love—and the cost of the distillusionment," appended the Widow enthusiastically. "And there's many a hat," she added with a smile of triumph, "that would be theap at a thousand dollars!"

"Nongenes!" argued the Bachelor obstinately, "there isn't a hat in the world that could represent a thousand dollars worth of labor or material or style or art or even beauty!"

#### A Hat Is the "Lid" of Opportunity.

But mapy a hat," rejoined the Widow promptly, "has represented several thousand dollars" worth of usefulness! Many a \$50 hat has landed a woman a \$50-a-week salary on the stage or a \$50,000-a-year husband. Would you call that kind of hat 'costly' at ANY price? A woman's hat is an investment; it's her trade-mark, her shop-window, and whether it's a job or a husband or a social place that she is looking for, it pays—to advertise! And it's the same with a wife or an automobile"—
"Life's two uncertainties," murmured the Bachelor sotto voce.
"Many a man," pursued the Widow serenely, "has gotten credit at a

crucial moment on the strength of his wife's prosperous appearance. Many a man has gotten on the 'inside,' as you call it, with influential mea ea the strength of his wife's dinner parties. Many a man has managed to marry a rich widow on the strength of his motor car and his evening

"Yes, and many a man has committed suicide," broke in the Be Trying to pay his wife's dressmaker and florist bills. Every time I stroll down Fifth Avenue and watch the human orchids roll by in their limousines I shudder at the mental picture of the vast army of men downtown slav-ing and toiling themselves into their graves to pay for—the matrimolal up-

"Oh, well," enswered the Widow airily, twirling her parasol, "that is the 'cost,' not the 'price'—and it all depends on what a thing PAYS; on what it nets you in the final reckoning, whether or not it is worth the COST.

Even a bad bargain, or an unhappy marriage may net you enough experi-

ence and philosophy to make it worth while."

"But clothes, clothes, clothes!" exclaimed the Bachelor impatiently.

"What do a woman's clothes net her? What do your clothes net YOU?

What do a man's wife's clothes net HIM?"

The Psychologie Effect of Clothes. EIA." and the Widow gurgied softly, "about all that the average man gets out of the money he puts into a woman's clothas seems to be the chance to laugh at them. But, as for ME, Mr. Weatherby, my clothes are the source of everything worth having. They stimulate my vanity, which is a woman's chief asset, and 80 hard to retain in these impersonal days. They give me 'personality,' and solat, and self-confidence, and comfort, and joy, and an interest in life. They bring me friends, and dinner invitations, and dance partners, and theatre parties, and compilments."

"And proposals." put in the Bachelor.

"Yes," agreed the Widow, "and when you come to think of it, outside of her health and an income, those are about all the things that a woman

"Except, of course, a few trifles such as an object, and a home, and love!" added the Bachelor laconically.

"All of which," retorted the Widow sweetly, "comes under the head of really needs in this life!"

## The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) Women's Betterment League and has TT / ILLIE JARR was going down- Meanwhile, when his envious young sie Bepier and the rest of his play- the effect that it would be a good or along the Texas border. The idea Jarr also held her giance aloof as she as his influence was a detriment to

Instead of shouting "Shoot the hat!" (for Master Jarr wore a mother-Naturally, Miss Doolittle will bought effect in straw sailors) and draught each song and then ask the crying aloud "Mamma's baby!" as advice of her associates as to its qual- under similar circumstances was ities. A meeting of the War song their wont, the abject youth of the Department-or Ditty Committee, as neighborhood fawned and abased the ladies preferred to be called—was held at Hugus Hall the other after—themselves as Master Willie passed,

a real baseball game, mind you, between those redoubtable topliners of Jenkins. the national game known to fame

progenitor, Master Jarr had spread such flattering terms of them.

have draughted one and shall read it in order that we may pase on its merits. It is entitled Fight, Fight in Bravery and Delight.' I presume you'd like to hear it."

"Shoot!" said Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien.

"Rather an appropriate way of putting it," replied Miss Doolittie. Then she read the song's words as was about to enter into. It was a Johnny Rangie and the others had a ing little fellow!" hasy idea of the glory Master Jarr | And Jenkins came smirking for was about to enter into. It was a ward and made a fuss over them. glamour of superior beings at their while the office boy went for Mr. Jarr.
"Here's Wille," said Mrs. Jarr. citement and an atmosphere of pea-

> Hence it was they truckled abjectly as the fortunate of earth passed brutality at that game, like I bear them in all the superior indifference there is breaking collar bones and of one in Elysian fields apart.

"I'm glad to see you didn't notice those dreadful boys." said Mrs. Jarr.

his father and by him to be at home that Willie Jarr got taken taken to the baseball game! Master to the ball game while they did not, passed these-to her mind-juvenile the moral awakening of all the children around.

Mrs. Jarr and Master Jarr arrived at the downtown establishment where Mr. Jarr toiled to sustain his family. "Here comes Mrs. Jarr and Jarr's kid," whispered Johnson, the cashier, to Jenkins, the bookkeeper. "If I had kid whose ears stuck out like that I'd pin 'em back." "Jarr's got a nerve asking the boss

for the afternoon off to take his family to the ball game, while we have to sweat along here all day doing our work and his, too," replied "His dame puts on a lot of style,"

murmured Johnson; "wonder if her glad rags are paid for?" Friendly personal comment of this

sort ceased, however, when Mrs. impending glorious crists in his fair Jarr drew up to the office railing with young life a few times, more or less, | Master Jarr and smiled sweetly at the during the past preceding days? He cashier and bookkeeper, both of had. Ever since a not unwilling whom she instinctively disliked be-League.

"Now," continued Miss Docistie, "I promise had been won from his male cause her husband always spoke in have draughted one and shall read it progenitor. Master Jarr had spread such flattering terms of them.

"How well you're looking. Mrs. Jarr." gushed Johnson. "And the Issy Slavinsky, Gussie Bepler, little boy! My! What a bright look-

"Here's Wille," said Mrs. Jarr when her husband appeared. "I don" nuts, sarsaparilla and ice cream off for him on your way uptown, and not take up all my time bringing him down here when I should be shopping. there is breaking collar bones and legs and piling twenty men on top of the one holding down the ball—you bring him right home.

those dreadful boys," said Mrs. Jarr.
"It is one of the drawbacks of this neighborhood, the dreadful children who make life unbearable up this way."

Master Jarr was going to say, "Aw, that's football!" But, young as he was, he realized the limitations of the female mind—even his mother's, Anyway, why say anything? Wasn't he going to the ball game?

mary at Martin 2

"On behalf of the Ditty Committee."
I move that we accept that song and shoot it out to the soldiers at once along with the box of prunes Grocer Hopper contributed to the Food Collection Committee."

"But how about the music" asked Mrs. Pertie. "Miss Doolittle then repeated the song's words from memory, using appropriate gestures. She was interpreted between the verse and the chorus, while Mrs. Skid Wilson All were pleased.